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Recovery of Fear



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Chapter 1 by QuixoticEscapist

I guess I stared too long into the darkness, because now it seems to be all I can see. Everyone's faces are shrouded in it, lifeless, as if the edges of their being just fade out into nothing.

Looking out over the town it all seems so futile, so pointless. Nothing ever makes sense and maybe it's not suppose to. I used to be like them, rushing about or lingering in a fog of bliss. Never realizing how stupid it was till now.

We came from nothing, wether you believe it divine power or coincidence we all belive that one truth. There was nothing, everything before us and it will be the same long after we leave. So why should it matter if it's now or later? What if I could join the space between the stars now? And if there is an afterlife, maybe I could see him again soon.

I'm not afraid. And maybe that's the problem, and why when the fall didn't kill me remorse didn't kick in.

Chapter 2 by Strawberrychan17



With him- I'd had wonderfully stable times. Now I could only float through the inevitable sea of apathy that held me down to the hospital bed.

Needles that were buried deep with my body, I couldn't afford to die just as much as I couldn't afford

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